19H, N. C.

APositive Arrangement.

Lady Contributors.

We welcome tour columns this week the

contributions of tree new Lady writers for

the Age. Their nicles are brief, but chaste

and intellectual. We have the promise of

Jesse A. Vaugh's Report.

monstrosities, and barefaced, groundless de-

thing, and avow himself its author?

to discourse for many weeks to come.

they reside, for thenost part.

decline its publication

Ladies' Department.

FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

To the Social Circle. Will you take a wanderer into your circle. dear friends?-a weary dove that has but now left its leafy home-may it nestle among your loving hearts and rest? A sad spirit, a mournful heart, a sinking soul, a trembling hand; will you take all these, and then chide not if the spirit droop, the heart wither, the soul sink and the hand fail? Will you call Lilly Lee sister? She is a mournful hearted thing. Her eyes are used to tears, but her spirit often weeps when they are dry. Eighteen summers have cast their shadows on her brow, but their winter-clouds hang around her heart; and thus it is, that her songs are oftener sad than gay. When a gleesome child, she left the old home, with its purling brook and shaded walks. Since those days she has learned some little lessons -lessons given in love, but conned in tears. Chil thoo I's dreams have vanished. The rosy light of its morning hours is fast fleeing before the cloud-embosomed realities of the present. Love and happiness braided her past; but love and duty are now wearing her life. Girlhood's golden visions are fading, and the strong tendrils of woman's fate are twining around her heart. Life has not all been bright; but while shadows came there was much sunshine; and the unknown future may gleam with joy or he steeped in sorrow. Who can tell? But Father, make her strong to fight her life-battles bravely. and in The strength to work thy will?

ly? And, Mr. Editor, will you give her sim-

thy paper? May much supshine come to all; but if clouds do gather, may your Father's hand lead you until the sunlight beameth again. LILLY LEE. Breezy Hill, Feb. 1855.

ple offerings an humble corner in your wor-

FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE. " Faded and gone."

BY FANE. I left a spot of heauty, when lovely Spring with soft breezes wafted sweet perfume amid scenes of joyonsness, when merry sengsters chanted their anthems in the forest halls, and laughing streams glided by with murmuring meludy; when flowers of every hue decked the ground. I came again—the breez had sank to rest amid its forest home; the sengsters had sought the shadiest retreats and the flowers of Spring were-" Faded and gone,"

Again I passed away, when the gorgeous hues of Summer were opening their blushing petals to the warm rays of the sun; the evening tenhyrs whispered through shady groves when the glittering host of Summer spangled the ground. I came again-they too were " Faded and gone."

The eacth was habited in her most brilliant sheen of crimson and gold; the birds were warbling their last lays to sweet Autumn. The winds passed through the long wild grass with a mournful sound. I came again and the beauties of Autumn were " Faded and gone."

Thus it is in life :- we come forth in the springtime of youth bright and gay; our pathway made beautiful by the faces of affection which cluster around us, our life filled with the music of fove rackedy. But ere the Autum of life all, all that is beautiful on earth is " Faded and gone."

FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE. LIFE. BY ESTELLE.

It is summer time. The earth is dressed in conerald robes and the gentle breeze makes pleasant music smid the green leaves. Wild birds earol forth the songs in sweet melody and the brook ripples by, kissing the thouse and this scene of beauty sports a fair child, so fragile and so beautiful that he seems like one of those pale treasures of Spring which he grasps with such eager hand. The zephyrs toy gently with his silken carls. Ever and anon his clear silvery laugh rings out as he gazes at his image in the sparkling waters, or ga hers the shining blossoms. All is life and beauty; but the scene fades from

Death.

All is changed now! Sweet summer has come and gowe, fied like a bright dream to: beautiful to tast. The earth is decked in all the brilliant dyes of autumn, and the flowers of summer have faded on the hillside and all around are marks of the dying year. But let us look into the darkened room. A few straggling sunbeams have found their way through the closed shutters and rest sadly amid the locks of a fair child now lying in the calm steep of death. Flowers are in his hand, but they lie drooping on his pillow. Thus it is with Life! The dark shadow of death ever hovers around all that is beautiful.

DO YOU LOVE ANY ONE?

BY LORA.

I do not mean to ask if you love to gaze at the pretty faces which gleam out from the little bonnets that pass you by with a quiet smile and a good day' cherily spoken by ruby lips and laughing eyes. Nor am I at all curious to know if there is a lady fair or gallant knight which you would a little rather attend or have attend you to the magical exhibition or the evening singing school .-Neither do I crave your confidence in regard to that chaste gold ring upon some fair finger which your eye dwells upon with pleasure, and which transfers you back to a rural ramble, or a sunny knoll, or cheerful fireside where fund rows were breathed and for aught know to the contrary, untruth woven int lover's words and sent thrilling along the quivering heart-strings which no hand but a true and honest one should dare to play upon. I do not care if the bridemaids are bespoke and groomsmen engaged, and sating made up, and envelops selected, and flowers and cossamer veil laid by-for between you and I. good friend, these things are often done up after the most approved style too, where the little query of to-night has never yet been rationally and consequently satisfactorily answered. Aye, it is one thing to list to words such as vanity loves and thrives upon, and when elevated to the very summit of self complacency, to place the hand in another's with a blush and whisper 'thine' so soft and low that the ear must bend to eatch the whispered sound; and quite another to begin the long, long days of seclusion and care which nothing but a thorough appreciation of character. concentration of affection, and self-sacrificing interest can render bearable. And believe me, it is one thing to imagine the comfort and therefore the love wrapped up in some lady's or gentleman's twenty, thirty, or forty thousand, and an entirely different one with that infatuation, to embark upon life's stormy sea together, to breast the whirlwinds and commotions no gold can allay, or watch through the long cheerless days of weariness and pain no jewels can soften or splendour mitigate.

Do you love any one? How doubtingly the young mother looks up in your face as you ask it, lifts the delicate embroidery from her lan and shaking out its beautiful folds, replies see, just see the work I do for my child early and late; I am planning new dresses and lovely wrappings, all the time thinking of the man he will make-noble, intelligent, virtuous, good-the position he will occupy, and the influence be will wield. Love him and her lip smiles incredulously that

any one should be guilty of the folly of ask- friend; and he turned into a shady lase ing. And yet all this gay dressing and fond that led to a charming spot. A white cotdreaming is far removed from the searching tage peeped out from a clump of cedars in gaze into his soul lit eyes, whether they be which it was half hidden from sight. It blue or black, hazel or grey, and realizing the stupendous fact that an immortal spirit was new and beautiful, yet deserted and is committed to your care, and that even now, wearing a sorrowful look. The blinds, once chords are thrilling beneath your careless so neat and green, were now gray with dust, fingers which will swell out in cadences of weeds had overrun the grass and the roseeuphony or discord through all the wide blush, and a red sunbeam from the west, on arches of a fathomless eternity.

Do you love any one? The betrothed maiden falls into a delicious reverie, wondering how any one living upon this glorious earth can of the past, or revelling in the ecstacy of the it no human being has ever present, or travelling on in imagination's ra- its walls." oid car to the completion of all her hopes when she shall have nought to do but study dear Herbert's wishes-how she will sing or read to him when he is weary-lure him by gentle words and winning caresses from by Carl C discontent with the world or the vexations in our of business-how his dinners shall always be creature ordered with an eye single to his taste-his She clothing properly arranged, whilst no frown shall lay like a shadow upon her brow, or tear gleam up from the depths of her eye to fright him away from her side. And Herbert himself smiles sarcastically as be repeats 'do I love any one? Wonder if Lora would ask that if she knew how oft by day and night the eyes of Alice Lane are beaming in all their gentle purity upon my soul. How I

am perpetually recurring to the time when I shall cherish, sustain and support her alone—
how labor itself grows sweet herauses for her compense with procure new pleasures for her work her ruin. Callie was as innocent as and now the very touch of her hand, a tone she was amiable, and capable of being vicof her voice, a lifting her dark eyes to my timized without ever suspecting harm. own, thrills me with bliss inexpressible, but . With plausible and sub le stories, carestill complete. Aye fond dreamers, but do fully linked with actions and words of the ye pause and ask how this constant association of character will tend to the improvement and perfecting of each other? How sought when adversity's black storms are upon ye the nu in their might, and friends fail, and worldly cast joys grow sparse-or when sickness lays its you wan fingers upon blooming cheek or noble reprode brow, will those beacon lights of the soul unspoken which first lured your bark, idly drifting tion, run poor upon the current of life, to its side, flash up clear and bright above them all, still infusconscious that a God of love rules high over to the grave to rest, and I should rejoice if all? The toiling matron lays her sewing for her time would come; for, poor soul, she a moment by, and in reviewing her daily life will have no rest in this world. of care and watchfulness and never sleeping 'Carl never came back; he left this h casement, of odorous flowers and purling nigh of kin to look after his affices.'

streams, and joyous birdlings, and shady, mossy paths her girlish feet so loved to tread. still satisfied and rejoicing in her lot so long any -- not crime, put improdence." as she can win for herself an occasional smile 'Guilty! exclaimed our friend, his feelor kindly word. And yet, allow me to ask, ings evidently highly wrought upon, 'guilmay not all these duties, imperative in them- ty! I wish to Heaven my soul was as pure higher, holier, purer character of their mo- he would be haun'ed night and day for his tive cause being understood? Has she strithe instincts of a rational nature in her ef- at us. forts to grow better with each day's gentle 'The house is haunted!' we exclaimed hearts which girdle her pathway through life? Does she bear, nay, even selicit and profit by like effort upon his own part to render her pathway one where no conflicting ele-ments idly play, but pointed out by the fin-The figure cla-ped my friend's hands and his of human praise but the smile of her God where is she?" and the promised home of the blest?

murmurs the husband through the chilling -or poring over the last method of improv- ror.' ing lands-should think I do, else why do I We hastened to where we had left the

Written for the Spirit of the Age. LIFE IN GLIMPSES. BY THE ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Callie the Crazed.

He has gone-he has gone to the wild mountain In a mon To the cove where the brown chestnuts grow; And his white cottage's seen through the trees now

But never by you, Callie; no, Callie, no. The sunbeams fall on the grass at his door. And the wood-bine blooms on the wall, But poor, crazy Cal, you shall see him no more, For he hides in the cove where the brown chestnuts

His love died away as the little lilies die, When scorched by the strong summer sun, But sorrow not, Cal; for with the lilies you may lie In the grave at the willow your hands have begun.

By and by, I will sleep in that little red grave, While my spirit shall ride on the sky's glassy sea; And the birds they will swing with the willowboughs wave. And sing birdling songs o'er crased Callie Lee.

What does the wild creature mean, said I to my companion with whom I was walking; but before he could give mean answer, cheeks, fat and rosy, and she snatched her faded bonnet from her head and let fall a profusion of rich curls over hands gather roses in the morning to set o her wan cheeks.

grow, she said, and dug a little grave un- with all its youthful tints; her eye has lost der the willow and picked up leaves every the wild and fiery glance and become softly day to cover the grave, but the red morning subdued; and her voice, once so melanbright flashing river, and gone down to the little cottage half hid in the cedars. depths of the wild wood when the moon was The slanderer has become hateful and re dark, but, Ah! me, the voice of the charm- pulsive in the midst of her own poison er, the voice of the charmer, charm he ever She lives in a hovel alone; despised of all for so wisely-alas!' and she flung herself on the base part she played in former years

and then lay as if dead.

level with our eyes, gave the cottage something of the supernatural appearance.

'This cottage,' said my friend, leaning dare ask it of her. And straightway she is against the fence, 'was built nine years ago wandering far away among the sunny bowers this spring, and strange as you may regard

'Is it haunted?' inquired we with some eagerness. 'Not at all,' sai

etim of slander. nd envious of the posi-

the base wretch who accessful in poisoning the heart, he and went beaua ions and aspicions and Carl's desernd left her the miserable wrete een her. She ing into the failing heart of each, strength weeps and sings and digs little graves under and faith to live, and hope and struggle on, the weeping willow. She longs to go down

from her it needs no other naswer. She re unfinished; and I should'nt wonder if it members how often she wishes to exchange stands just so till it fall, said my friend, tathe noise of romping children, and perpet- king a seat under the window of the cottage ual espionage over unruly servants, for the on an old beach. 'Yes; I should'nt wongentle breeze in its freedom and freshness der if it stood just so till time e as it down, which comes whispering through the open for Carl will never return, and he has none 'Tell me,' said we. ' was Callie guilty of

selves, be faithfully discharged without the of sin as hers; and if Carl only knew it, ven to correct her husband's failings, not ar- rash and unjust course towards poor Callie. rogantly, not presumptuously, but in the Just then a gaunt and haggard face preloving spirit of one erring herself, yet true to sented itself at the window and peered out

ebb, and to awake similar aspirations in other springing to our fet; but not quicker than the gaunt figure at the window: in a moment he stood before us.

ger of true conscientious duty and enlivened lips moved as if vainly trying to speak by the prospect of no earthly reward, no pean At last he exclaimed - Callie! Callie!!

'Did you hear our conversation, Carl ?-Do you love any one? Should think I do. Yes every word farnt me like fire—burnt blast and driving sleet, from his patients- my very soul-carry me to her-let me see or puzzling his brains with his client's claims her-let me beg forgiveness for my fatal er-

toil and bend all the energies of my nature hapless girl who had been wrecked on life's to that money-making process which pro-cures pleasure for my wife and family?— Why do I surround them with every luxury had been deserted upon the slightest suspi -shelter them from every care, myself the cion. She lay on the green grass bank in only one doomed to stem the adverse storms a profound slumber. The contrast of ber of life, and battle with difficulties and vexa- rich and glossy curls with her pale face was tions, hardihood and vice, under every shape most striking. Carl folded his arms on his and form. What folly woman can write, and he twirls the offending paper aside with the injured air of one decidedly imposed upon, and as if to prove the truth of his own words, treads his way home-ward with a were pallid as the corpse. He gazed eafrowning brow and a word if not exactly cross, gerly upon the form before him. A single still neither gentle nor very kind, to a sick tear trembled on his eyelid and then dropped child, aims a direct blow through a negligent down on the grass at his feet. When a servant at the heart of his wife, then settles strong man weeps until the tears fall, there himself in his luxurious chair, saying by his manner, do as you please, only spare me the infliction of a single word. His wife's heart awoke from her slumber, and just before she is full of little matters, but interesting to her, opened her eves a sweet smile gleamed o'er which she should like to discuss with him, her face, cheery as the sunbeam among the but the needle is plied in silence. And that flowers. She looked dreamily and pensite noble impetuous boy can scarce keep his mind ly around, and began her old strain-the down to his evening studies, he is so anxious charmer, the charmer has led him awayto tell papa of the day's exploits or honors, to the dark mountain cove where the brown Do you love any one? Well it is none of chestnuts grow—the voice, the voice—oh my business, I know, but then it does strike Carl, she shricked as her eves fell upon the me sometimes that it is an excuse for more face of the wanderer. 'Carl, it is your folly and disregard of human feeling than so face, but so sadly changed. How could you small and beautiful a word ought to be, that's be so cruel, Carl, to stay away so long? I have been so sickwww.so sad-suffered so much crazed, because so long.' Carl the two sobb embrace.

looked out o was now hap her dark eves ovingly upon Carl who had brought to by his self banishment. He begged her forgiveness for the errors of the past, and it was granted with a kiss. It was pleasant to see the light of each flashing o'er the soul where just b night of the mind was gloomy neering ray.

The cottage ger desertedae gles through through the li Music floats through mingles with the so sings in dulcet and sylva peer out through the window; and

the table to please a happy father. 'I've wandered through the dark woods | Callie has grown young again ; the bloom where the wood-bine and wild chestnut that had faded from her cheek has returned glory has withered, and my grave is not yet choly, has become full and round with harfinished. I've stood on the banks of the mony. She is happy and lives in a sweet

the green bank by the pathway and wept No one visits her-weeds grow at the door 'Follow me,' said my companion and bends towards the grave. do wrong? And is it an "insult to man's dignity and understanding" to require him to observe those laws? Then are we a most 'insulted," and "undignified" people .-Shame, shame, Mr. Waugh, to put forth such ridiculous, nonsensical balderdash.

But to come to the very matter under consideration by Mr. Waugh, namely, the liquor traffic. Look at our present license laws. Do not they "control man's volition?" Can any man sell liquor by the retail that has the "volition" or desire to do so? Let "Jesse A. Waugh, Chmn" attempt to keep a retail establishment without license, and how soon he will be prosecuted and fined .-And will Mr. Waugh walk into Court and tell the Judge-" Sir, you have not the " constitutional power" to do this thing, for the " reason" that in so doing you offer " an insult to my dignity and understanding" by punishing me for the exercise of my "moral and physical free agency in my volition or wish to keep a grog shop!" Would not the ebruary 21, 1855. Court take him at once for a feel or a mad-

But we will not proceed further with this Subscriberreceiving their papers with a red mark, ridiculous document to-day, lest we produce are thereby nified that in four weeks from the re- a nausea among our readers. The above is ceipt of the m number thus marked, their sub- but a fair specimen, as the reader will see, scription year ill expire; and unless renewed within that times paper will be discontinued.—

This rule will be discontinued to.

give our strictures, therefore, in broken doses. We shall, however, leave none of its rottenness unprobed, but shall apply the scalpel often and severely, let whomsoever may be hurt. If our criticisms prove "an insult" to Mr. Wangh's "dignity," we hope several others, so tat, with our former gifted they will ng his "underfair Contributors, a shall be able to present stang

what no other pair has been able to do, a good friend to Tembright galaxy of Sethern Female Literary was writers, creditable like to themselves, and pera the promulgation of to the Literary curacter of the Ladies of such would be calculated to Reform, moved that the Re-North Carolina and irginia, in which States port be printed; but it is no wonder that another should protest against its publication, We have ber te idered a second com- as such a document emanating from our Legmunication from 'W.," of Franklinton, up- islature was calculated to bring discredit upon the subject mater of his first article; but on the character of the State and its law-maas it seems to have even rise to considerable kers.

that community, wask leave respectfully to emanated, was composed of the following gentlemen, viz : Messrs. Jesse A. Waugh, of Forsythe ; J. Barnes, of Edgecombe ; Mr. Black, of Mecklenburg; Mr. Long, of Cas-We publish entire in this paper, the Re- well; P. H. Winston, of Bertie; L. B. Carport of the Committee on Propositions and michael, and C. L. Cook, of Wilkes; D. F. Grievances of the Iouse of Commons, signed Caldwell, of Guilford; G. M. White, of Bla "Jesse A. Waugh Chmn." It purports to den; Mr. Houston of Duplin and Mills H. be a Report from the Committee to which Eure, of Gates. It is due to some of the genwas referred the vajous Temperauce Memo- tlemen belonging to this Committee that we rials presented to the recent session of the should state what they have told us about General Assembly and is the first Legisla- the Report and its authorship. The six last tive Document that has been issued concern- named gentlemen assure us that they knew ing the great Temperance Reform, which has nothing whatever of the Report made, until agitated the State for the last several years. it was read by the Clerk in the House. Mr. We are glad, therefore, that we have a North Winston says he consented to an adverse re-Carolina Documentagainst which to fight- port upon the petitions for prohibition, upon we can now strike at home objections and the ground of inexpediency, but had nothing cavillings-though, for the credit of the State, to do with framing the report. And from we could have hoped that it had been of such conversations we have held with Mr. Black, a character as to reflect credit upon the in- during the session, his mind must have untelligence and legal acumen of our law-ma- dergone a considerable change, if he endorkers, even if it we been received and print- Chairman, it seems, is chiefly, entitled to ed by the House, and is therefore the legiti- what of credit or odium attaches to the immate subject of criticism and analysis; and mortal document; hence we have headed we shall, therefore, from time to time, deal this article-"JESSE A. WAUGH'S REPORT."

precious document calmly, dispassionately- gle member could find time, or muster up and then see if they will not blush that such sufficient patriotism and moral courage to a production comes from our legislative halls. introduce a Bill for any sort of relief or pro-And we ask each member of the Legislature tection from the Liquor Scourge. From day to examine it, and say whether he would be to day the matter was brought to the notice willing to affix his name to such a disgraceful of the two Houses by the presentation of Memorials from the People, and yet out of We propose, at this time, merely to allude ninety-one days, no spare moment was found in a brief way to particular portions of the to examine, discuss or legislate upon the Report-it will afford us a text upon which evil so grievously complained of! We do not know that any law could have been pas-Mr. Waugh, it will be seen, commences sed at the recent session, yet the People, at his report by shedding a tear and setting up least we believe a decided majority of them, a hypocritical whine about the evils of in- desired the introduction of a Bill similar to temperance-but this is but for a moment- the one suggested in the Memorial of the for like one of "Job's comforters," in the Grand Division laid before the General Asnext breath, he pronounces all these "evils sembly-viz: placing the matter in the hands of intemperance, and its demoralizing effect of a majority of the people in each School upon the human family," as entirely incura- District-in order that they might see how ble and beyond the reach of remedy. Alas! their respective Representatives would stand alas! and thus, at one fell swoop are all our on so just and equitable a measure. It was hopes and expectations crushed forever! not done, however the friends of Reform Mr. Waugh then proceeds to examine the are called on a strongest barrier to his triumphant march, nother two years

viz: "the constitutional power," possessed evil. And the t by the Legislature "to interdict by pains Legislature must be hereafter-" Will you and penalties the traffic in ardent spirits."- yourself, or see that some other member of And without even queting the first authority the Legislature does, introduce a Bill conin the Constitution, disposes of the whole taining such provisions against the Liquor matter in a single sentence-" The Committee Traffic as the wants and necessities of the think not !" Not a single clause of the Con- case demands?" And whoever refuses to stitution is given, to fortify this position-not agree to do so, will not be trusted ! a single argument entered into for the pur- But, much as we have reason to deplore pose of exhibiting how why " the consti- the failure of some law directly proscribing tational power" does not exist. What an the destructive traffic, yet we have cause to astate lawgiver the Chairman of the Commit- congratulate the friends of Reform of a still tee on Propositions and Grievances is, to be farther recognition by the Legislature of its

But then Mr. Waugh does give some "rea- sition of additional taxes. The license fee sons" why. Ah yes! "Reasons." Cer- has been increased from \$10 to \$20; and an tainly he does. Well let us see what are extra tax of 5 per cent, imposed upon all lithese "reasons." The first is in these words: quors, wines or cordials made in the State,

agent, and any law which seeks to control States. his understanding."

sure!

no "reason") ever before made by a man temperance reform, but they will raise a large sent to legislate for the protection and well- amount of revenue and thus take off taxes being of society? Such a political and mor- which otherwise would have been imposed al monstrosity, we venture to say was never upon industrial and commendable pursuits before promulgated by a christian law giver, and objects. But while they help to fill the and is worthy only of the infidel brain of a coffers of State, the liquor-sellers, like stealthy Rousseau or a Voltaire. If Mr. Waugh's marauders, will be draining their ill-gotten idea of moral and political ethics be correct, gains from the industry and labor of the then every law, divine and human, "is an people, and all the while be empoverishing insult to man's dignity and understanding." the country, obstructing energy and enter-Why have we a law against murder, if it be prise, and visiting pauperism and crime upnot to restrain man's "volition," or will, to on the people. Our public servants see and take the life of his fellow? Why legislate know all this, and yet they will not advance against theft, if it be not to restrain man from a step to remedy the crying, demoralizing appropriating his neighbor's goods to his evil! Well, the time will come when they own use, if his "volition" should prompt will have to ply the oar with a will, or be him to do so? Are not all our laws designed swallowed in the vortex of popular indignato prevent the exercise of man's volition to tien. Ged speed the day.

Statesmanship

excitement and some unpleasant feeling in The Committee from which this Report out upon its false premises, its ridiculous

Gone, and no Law passed!

clarations, such rebuke and exposure as its | Well, the Legislature of North Carolina

impotency and truthless character deserve .- has adjourned, after sitting thirteen long We ask each of our readers to peruse the weeks-and yet in all that time, not a sin-

pter the field for ainst the monster

injurious effects upon society by the impo-"Morally and physically, man is a free as well as those brought here from other

his volition, is an insult to his dignity and It is true these extra burdens heaped upon the traffic will not tend to lessen its evils. Was ever such a declaration (for this is nor will they effect anything in behalf of the

Money and its Abuses.

The first application made of what is familiarly known as money, was to wise and rather, infamous Report, it will be seen that useful purposes. No lavention, perhaps, has he indulges in the following insulting and ever had so great an influence over the des- libellous insinuation, against those who signed tinies of men; more than anything else it the Temperance Memorials laid before the shapes the course and form of his progres. Committee on Propositions and Grievances : with the world-when it became the great notice, millions of human being s." theme of life -the all-absorbing object of pur- The disingenuous, cantemptible, analogy

seriousness :--"Gold! gold! gold! gold! Bright and yellow, hard and cold, Molten, graven, hammer'd and roll'd, Heavy to get, and light to hold; Hoarded, barter'd, bought and sold, Stolen, borrow'd, squander'a, doled; Spurned by the young, but hugg'd by the old, To the very verge of the church yard mould; Prince of many a crime untold; Gold! gold! gold! gold! How widely its agency vary.— To save-to rain-to curse-to bless-As even its minted coins express .-

Now stamp'd with the image of Good Qeen Bess, And now of a Bloody Mary." and virtue. The maxim-

"Let money, money still-And let virtue follow-if she will."

he at once becomes the golden calf of his fel- Memorials? We dare them to do so ! But lows-they bow to him and do exceeding hom- they will not-but Mr. Waugh will resort to age. And it matters but little through what this contemptible employment of language indegrees of dishonesty, corruption and even tended to make certain odious and detestable crime he may baye crept, in order to secure his impressions, while he takes care to leave a golden pile, he is none the less emulated by a loop-hole through which he may escape, by hort sighted populace- is it sufficient for them saying he did not mean to be thus understood. to know that he has " made money." Do we It cannot be-the purpose is too apparentnot see these jewelled lepers, male and female, and the design is the more hateful and opconstantly recognized as the perfect models probrious, because it was a steathy, assassinof fashion and excellence? Are not their like stab in the dark. It shall stick to him splendid mansions and equipage counted as like the fabled shirt of Nessus, much as we a proper standard of morals and intelligence? know he will try to east it from him. Is the man who has "made money" ever | And are the free citizens of North Caroliset down by the people as a hopeless foul? na thus to be insuited, maligned and derided, Is an heiress ever unpolished in her man- for the exercise of a right guaranteed by the a false preference is suffered to exist.

better than those entertained in modern throw. times. His maxims were-" A good name is The signers to those Memorials are as inin the hands that grasped after it.

tribution-a medium of worth passing from and Grieviances would taint with want of hand to hand. In this way it meets the fealty to their country. He will wish he had wants of the people; hence, the miser who been asleep when he wrote that document cravenly hoards it in a strong box merely before he hears the last of it. abuses it. The miser, no matter how heavy his chest, is not rich. Comper thought not when he apostrophised him-

"They call thee rich. I deem thee poor, Since if thou darest not use thy store, But savest it only for thine heirs-The treasure is not thine, but theirs."

Money that is not a blessing to the multitude " reasons " why the law prayed for should confections are to be found.

standard than what he is-let us not weigh would have resulted in the passage of the law. him with what he has. If the world adopts But they did not believe it-we did not believe the money creed, let all who claim a higher it, and were opposed to any farther memoralidestiny than the brute. forsake the desecra- zing, except through the ballot box, by sendting temples where the creed is applied and ing the right kind of men to legislate on the the worship of gold given, and go to a pu- subject. The sequel has but proved the rer shrine where intelligence, wisdom and correctness of this opinion. If we want the

bright as the noonday of love, comes the earching appeal to remove the maddening bowl from the helpless victims. They are in the D uble Springs District, in Guilford bound hand and foot by their destroyer and they weep and pray that their honds may be broken and their fetters severed. With a mad infatuation they cast themselves on the highway of death and rush to a Mecca from whence they never return. That Mecca is bleached by the bones of thousands and thousands who have bowed the knee to the Czar of the bar-room and sold their birthright for less than a mess of pottage. Even they cry out for deliverance; and wives and mothers. little girls and boys, implore a moral and free people to dry up the fountain which floods their hearts and homes with bitterness and with agony. The records of justice unfold their blackened lists of vagrancy and crime and hold them up as a reproach to the nation. The ministers of a holy religion paint the way the thirty thousand are traveling and point to the dreadful doom that awaits them. Taxpayers groan beneath the burden a suitable candidate for Governor, at the next imposed upon them, yet never proclaim them- election. selves free and east off the burden. Everything,-humanity, hopes, homes and happicurse of the liquor traffic. When will a free devoting six weeks to the work. and enlightened people rise up and sway the sceptre over this most afflicting curse?

Editors are public pump handles; Legislature of Oregon, and there is a fair

Insulting and Slanderous.

In Mr. Jesse A. Waugh's famous, or

sive civilization. In this respect its history "Your Committee, therefore, think that is as instructive as it is curious. It is one this effort, invoking the aid of the law to of the great civilizers and the bane or anti- prevent the traffic in liquors, is mistaken dote of barbarity. But when money came to be regarded as "the sinews of war"—when desire of those, who would berrive, at one it became an abettor to other conflicts than | FELL BLOW, EVERY PLANTER OF BIS SLAVES, those encountered by man in his struggles and turn loose upon the land, with a moment's

suit, and in a great degree the metallic stan- drawn by Jesse A. Waugh, is unworthy even dard of eminence and honor, then was this of him. We believe it contains a fulschood. blessing turned into a curse-into "the in the first place; for we have no idea that bane of bliss, and source of woe." In view the majority of the Committee from which of this condition, Thomas Hood wrote in all this Report came, will endorse the insulting paragraph. It is a sneaking attack upon those signers, by drawing an odious comparison, and thus attempting to taint them with incendiary designs-a charge which he dare not openly and undisguisedly make. It is therefore the more insulting, mean and malicions, and we shall deal with it in the severe manner it deserves.

We ask every gentleman and lady who signed those Memorials to read carefully the insulting and slanderous language heaped upon them in a Legislative Document of the Money is sought because of its power; it General Assembly of North Carelina, You one of the great evils of the day that are here told that you are exactly on a " parwealth is the basis of social and political allel" with the vile Abolitionists of the preference. We see it every day, and now North, and a sneaking, covert, mean insinand then at the expense of common honesty uation given, of your association with" those who would deprive every planter of his slaves."

Has Mr. Wangh, or any other member of We hear it said of this man and of that the Legislature, the temerity to make such a -" he has made money," and observed that charge, openly, against the signers of these

ners or deficient in brain or moral accom- charter of our Liberties? Are we to be flouted plishments? The world thinks not. Then as inferiors, minions to demagogues and it is evident, that to make the possession of charlatans who by accident or intrigue slime money a basis of social preference and a their way into legislative posts? Then instandard of intellectual worth, is to abuse a deed are we ready to be made slaves and blessing even to the extent of a fatal de- bondmen all! But no; we have not " lost moralization of the community in which such the breed of noble bloods !"-and so these miserable insulters of popular rights and King Solomon's views of money were far private virtue will find, to their final over-

rather to be chosen than great riches." And telligent, virtuous respectable citizens as "happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and North Carolina contains-men who are as the man that getteth understanding. P. parrioue, toyal and true to the South and the merchandize thereof is better than the her institutions, as Jesse A. Waugh, and merchandize of silver, and the gain thereof any of "the tribe of Jesse"-men who do than fine gold." He seemed to have known not worship at the whiskey bar nor is their that gold and silver became poisonous stings patriotism tainted with the smell of Yankee rum. And these are the men whom the Money has been called the wheel of dis- Chairman of the Committee on Propositions

A Note at the bottom of the first printed page in Mr. Waugh's Report was inadvertently left out on our first page. It states that there were " Memorials before the Committee from forty-three counties, comprising 8,631 signatures, of which 6,103 The abuse of money is a positive wrong are voters, 2,187 temales, 341 youths." The upon the public. The abuses we have hinted smallness of the number of Memorialists is at are demoralizing in their tendencies .-- not urged by the Chairman as one of the is a curse to the individual possessor. It not be passed; but it may be well to explain becomes as fire in his hands. The miser is the cause of there being no more signers .hated. The rich man makes his wealth the We know, in the first place, that there are strong fortress of his life, and friends amble thousands of names affixed to Memorials around him to do homage. The envenemed throughout the State, that were not sent up; wasps gather o'er the table where the most and we also know that thousands of other names could have been procured, if any sort Man should be measured by no other of expectation had been felt such a step * law, we must send men to the Legislature Up from a thousand homes, once -we will never get it in any other way. wholly and positively devoted to its adoption

At a Constable's election, recently, county, the contest was between a gentleman who refused to use the whiskey bottle to aid his election, and one who rode a whiskey barrel to the polls. The result however showed that he had mistaken the character of the people whose votes be wanted-on counting the votes, it was discovered that the no treating candidate had received 108, while whiskey only polled 48. Good for old Guilford.

We are frequently written to for back Nos. of our paper. Of course, when we have them, they are sent: but it frequently happens we have none on hand; so persons ordering back numbers and not receiving them, may always understand we did not have them to send.

A Prohibitory Convention will be held in Atlanta, Ga., on the 22nd inst., to nominate

We learn from a letter of Judge O'Neail's. published in the Temperance Banner, that P. M. W. P., P. S White, would re-commence ness appeal to the people to assert their sov- his lectures, on the 16th inst., at Augusta, Ga. ereignity and cast off the burthens and the following the line of travel thence to Rome,

> THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW has presed the * Senate of Indiana by a majority of ten. This is really good news. The same law has been introduced into the

they give drink to others, but unfortunately prospect of its being passed during the present are not supposed to ever be thirsty themselves. session. Probition is very popular with the e settlers,